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VOL. 62.—No. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1884.

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## NEW MUSIC.

(Continued from page 81, Vol. 61.)

Among Messrs Duncan Davison & Co.'s publications are "Twilight Fancies" and "Come Home Soon," songs by W. C. Levey. Both have a claim upon notice, the second, with its distinctively Irish character, being in fact worthy of high recommendation. There are also two songs, "Overleaf" and "I know not yet," by F. R. Rogers, which may be recommended to amateur singers as healthy things, along with J. L. Hatton's "Golden Dreams." The last-named shows that the "natural force" of the veteran composer has not abated. It presents a happy combination of artistic and "popular" features. This firm's pianoforte music includes three pieces by lady-composers, two, a Gavotte and Gigue, being from the pen of Miss Lillie Albrecht. These are very creditable to the author's fancy and skill, and above the common order in certain respects. The third piece—an Andante with variations, for four hands, by Ida Walter—has some striking features, though it does not show complete mastery of the variation form. Three "Musical Trifles," by G. Garibaldi, are exactly what their title implies, and very easy and pretty to boot. Young players will find them useful. A Tziganesca and Réverie by Carlo Ducci may also be recommended to amateurs of some facility as having character and interest. Charmingly quaint is a Minuet and Trio by D. R. Munro, while lovers of the flute and pianoforte will find something to their mind in a transcription of Balfe's *Killarney*, by J. Harrington Young.

Mr Edwin Ashdown has published, under the title "Pictures of Youth," a set of twelve pianoforte pieces adapted in every respect for young players. They are by Heinrich Lichner, who has written very suggestively up to such subjects as "A Morning Prayer," "In the Playground," &c. We recommend these little works as certain to interest children while helping to form a good taste. Purely educational are Pfeiffer's "Twenty-five Studies for the Pianoforte," intended as an introduction to those by Cramer. These compositions cover the whole ground, and are most useful, because of the skilful adaptation of each to a particular and important end. Mr E. M. Lofts has written for small hands a Sonata in F well worth the attention of teachers. While classical in form and character, it affords good exercise, and cannot be studied by a young pupil without distinct advantages. Mr Sidney Smith continues his labours for the Hanover Square house, and all his brilliant facility appears in "Marguerite," a spinning piece; a gavotte, "Une Fête de Fontainebleau;" a barcarolle, "La Mer Calme;" and a "Styrienne." These works are sufficiently recommended to their particular public by the author's name. Mr Smith has also written some pieces for four hands: a caprice, "Nonchalance," and a sketch, "The Minster Tower." They are as showy and fanciful as might be expected, and with them we associate two by V. Delacour, "L'Aide-de-Camp" and "Menuet Méloïque," and one, "Caprice Espagnol," by P. Beaumont. Where something lighter than classical works is desired these duets will prove acceptable. "Damon" is the appropriate name of a merry rustic dance, all life and "go," by Seymour Smith; and in "A Little Melody," a "Bagatelle," and "Evening," we have some useful pieces for piano and violin, the work of J. C. Beazley. From the mass of songs published by Mr Ashdown we select for mention three by Alice Borton, in all of which there are the charm of true feeling and the power of adequate but unforced expression. "Oh! how blest," is a touching sacred piece for contralto; "Binding Sheaves" and "When the dimpled water slippeth" are settings of words by Jean Ingelow, wherein words and music are fitly joined together. This composer deserves attention for the refreshing spontaneity of her style. Cécile Hartog's "Why do I love thee?" is another excellent specimen of female talent, as is C. A. Macirone's "The Recall." Of their kind a better group than the foregoing could not be desired.

Messrs R. Cocks & Co. are the publishers of two superior songs by Alice Borton—one a setting of Jean Ingelow's "Song of a Boat," the other having for title "The Children's Island." The character of both is pathetic, and the music is expressive in a degree warranting special recommendation. Vocal duets not less worthy of favour are "Beneath the Wave" (A. J. Caldicott) and "Autumn" (Ciro Pinus). They are written for soprano and contralto in an easy, pleasing and musically style. The new catalogue of this firm contains, as usual, some transcriptions for the pianoforte by G. F. West, which do not err on the side of difficulty. Melodies from Gounod's *Faust* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* are thus treated, with all the skill that the arranger's long experience has enabled him to acquire. In the way of original pianoforte pieces, Messrs Cocks & Co. offer "Scintilla" and "Hush," both by E. Claudet, and together with "Cynthia" a "right merrie dance" by M. Watson. Mr Claudet's pieces are graceful and attractive, while that of Mr Watson is a faithful reflection of the characteristic old English manner. Mention should also be made of "Forward," by Sugg, an easy march, well

conceived and well written; and "At the Stile," waltz, by Vassila Kollis.

Messrs Reid Brothers have issued "First Lessons for the Pianoforte," by Brinley Richards—a very useful manual indeed, and well adapted for those who cannot afford a master. It contains a selection of popular pieces. "Twenty-three Songs for Boys" appeals to a class of amateurs not yet surfeited with such things. The subjects are well chosen, and the book ought to make its mark. "La Garde Passe," a march by W. H. Jude, and "Victory," another by H. Clendon, are animated; while by choosing even at random from Trousselle's Bourrée in C and Mazurka in E minor, Arnaud's "La Fontaine" gavotte, Turrell's "Hyperion" waltz, and S. Everstone's "Unvergesslich" waltz, caterers for the home circle will secure that which is worth having. Among the songs of this firm the subjoined deserve honourable mention: "Dorothy's Diary" (Seymour Smith), "It's all the same to Jack" (Eugene Barnett), and "The King's Quest" (W. Gandy).

Seekers after humorous songs for the coming season will find plenty in the catalogue of Mr. J. Bath. There are, for example, the following by Corney Grain: "The Amateur Yachtsman," "He did, and he didn't know why," and "I'm a Chappie," as well as George Grossmith's "My Nancy loves me truly," "Do not spoil your children," "The Bus Conductor's song," and "How I became an Actor." The respective composers have made these so popular that not a word need be said in their favour here. Every family circle's "funny man" will make a point of buying them all. Broadly comic likewise are Herbert Harraden's "Exchange and Mart," "Smith and Thompson," and "Four Tigers." Here is, in point of fact, a complete storehouse of mirth-provoking song. Barri's "No Surrender" strikes firmly a patriotic and martial chord; Levey's "Caught Napping" is a dainty little love story safe to please, while in his setting of Kingsley's "When all the world is young, lad," Corney Grain shows that he can do more than raise a laugh. Here we have a good manly and yet pathetic song. Three pianoforte pieces by G. Ferraris may be recommended as musically pleasing, and far from difficult. They are entitled "Danse des Derviches," "Mazurka Méloïque," and "Melodie." Let a word be said also for "Smallwood's Dance Album," containing six pieces quite easy of execution.—D. T.

## DEATH OF MISS SHIRREFF.

We regret to record the death of Miss Shirreff (Mrs Walcott), the once brilliant singer, who died on the 23rd of December, at Kensington, in her seventy-second year. Miss Shirreff held at one time a high position, both as an operatic and a concert singer. A pupil of Mr Tom Welsh, she made her *début* at Covent Garden on Dec. 1, 1832, as Mandane in Dr Arne's *Artaxerxes*. By universal assent her performance of the part was pronounced a great success. As a matter of course it was repeated many times during the season. Her rendering of the celebrated aria, "The Soldier tired," was the theme of general admiration. She sang the following year at the Antient and Philharmonic Concerts, and the Gloucester Festival. She reappeared in 1834-5 at Covent Garden, and was engaged at Drury Lane in 1837, coming back, however, to Covent Garden in 1838. Her London successes were followed by vocal triumphs at concerts in the United Kingdom. It is difficult to say whether she was more appreciated on the stage or in the concert-room—at any rate, her singing and acting of the Page in Auber's delightful and popular opera, *Gustavus the Third*, can scarcely be forgotten by those living who had the pleasure of witnessing her grace and talent. In 1838 she visited the United States, with Mrs and Mr Seguin, and Mr J. Wilson (the Scotch vocalist), where she became a great favourite, and made large sums of money. Her rendering of songs by Sir Henry Bishop and Charles Horn again delighted musical people, the favourite ditties being "Trifler forbear," "I've been Roaming," "Bid me Discourse," and "Home, sweet Home." Returning to England, she retired into private life, and was soon after married to the late Mr J. Walcott, secretary of the Army and Navy Club. *Requiescat in pace!*

HAMBURGH.—The principal works given at the Musical Festival here on the 5th and 6th June will be Handel's *Messiah* and Beethoven's C minor *Symphony*. Vocal associations from Bremen, Lübeck, Kiel, Oldenburg, Brunswick, and other places will take part in the proceedings.

STUTTGART.—The principal feature at the fifth Subscription Concert was Moritz Moszkowski's Violin Concerto played by Tivadar Nachéz. Both composition and performance afforded satisfaction to a numerous audience. Besides the Concerto, the same artist played some "Zigennärtze" of his own, and an "Adagio" by Julius Sachs.

## MUSICAL ETHICS AND ANALOGIES.

Instead of the illuminated card, by which seasonable compliments are now generally interchanged, Mr Henry C. Banister has sent, this year, to some of his friends a pamphlet with the above heading, which could not prove other than an agreeable substitute for those pretty, yet monotonous and mechanical, expressions of affection or goodwill, with which the postman at this season gorges the letter-bag. Why the author has limited the distribution of the pamphlet, which by the way he read lately before the College of Organists, to private circulation, is a question not readily answered. It cannot spring from the bashful hesitation of one unused to see himself in print, for Mr Banister, a long time ago, passed that ordeal, when he brought out his book on *Music*; and surely the many editions that admirable work has gone through must have convinced him by this time, of the high appreciation in which it has been and still is held. Neither could there be a doubt but that the pamphlet would be generally received as serviceable to the cause of music. For might not the tired teacher, whose lofty aims have become as dust under the grinding pressure of the school-mill, catch, by perusing it in the holidays, some thought that would revive his ardent hopes and high resolves? Or might not the scholar, escaped from the drudgery of music drill, be arrested by its revelation of heights in the region of art, surrounded by a purer and serener atmosphere than that of the classroom? Or perchance some one of the great public might, by its pages, discover that a musician, the man looked upon as a mere entertainer, a tuneful gossip, a filler-up of idle moments, has a respect for his art, equal even to that felt by him whose mission is held by the world in greatest honour. If it were likely that any one of these desirable results could have been brought about, then it is a pity the author did not elect to place his pamphlet at the disposal of the general public.

The purpose Mr Banister has in view is, on the one hand, to take off for the moment the technical trammels, which, always worn, are apt to gall the wearer; and, on the other hand, to keep the student free, whilst leading him up to the higher ground of art, from the bogs in which so many flounder, in the pursuit of what is falsely called aestheticism. Pointing to heights to be reached, he bids the youthful climber keep to the straight course, the path clearly tracked out for him, and to avoid mists and shun illusions that surely lead astray. There, on the classic heights, men such as Bach worked in a pure white light; whilst far lower down amidst changing mists and uncertain gloom, made fascinating by fitful gleams, the workers of the Romantic school ply their business. The writer takes us in fancy up those heights to watch the great Sebastian at work upon a fugue. There is the subject; a bit of ore fresh out of Truth's quarry. It needs no other than unstained light to reveal its beauty; note the transmutations it undergoes at the hand of the fashioner; how many tests it stands; now 'tis by "augmentation," now "diminution," now "inversion," until it answers triumphantly all ordeals that art can apply. How pleasant to find oneself carried along by the enthusiasm of a man whose daily avocations have not dulled the charm in objects he has spent his life in elucidating! One does not hesitate to throw him the reins and allow him to hurry from this analogy to music that he perceives in nature, to that he detects in any kindred art. What if there be occasionally suspension and want of clearness in the analogy, there is always a palpable relation in the comparison instituted. Cannot all things with structural order be made to reflect music of the highest organization? May not everything characterized by change, sequence, variety of parts, combination, and definiteness of purpose be called upon to serve in illustration of that which Mr Banister designates the highest kind of music? Orlando would see the name of Rosalind upon every tree, if not every leaf, and the devoted lover of music might be able to detect her fair features mirrored more or less clearly in everything good and true.

Mr Banister claims for music a place somewhere in the wide and elastic circle of Ethics. That simplicity, in language, subject, and invention, which appeals so strongly to him when engaged on the class of music of which his adored Bach is the highest representative, is an element he calls "moral." Whether any kind of music, *per se*, can properly be termed "good" or "bad" in the moral sense of the words, is a question likely to open up a field too vast for present discussion. But, at the same time, it might be said that association can positively make it either one or the

other. Used, as it generally is, as a mode of expression, a medium of feeling, a means for enforcing thought and purpose, music partakes of its subject-matter, and is, therefore, in a measure, right or wrong, good or evil, just as the idea it serves happens to be. It may morally be negative when in a static form; but it ceases to have that character when its dynamic forces are directed to the emotions, when it arouses passion, and prompts to action; then it assuredly becomes a participator in good or evil. Let not musicians deem this application a depreciation of their art; rather let them, with Mr Banister, consider that there is a responsibility in the exercise of it far more weighty than any they had hitherto recognized. Are there not many honest workers in music who lament its degradation? and some, even, who reproach themselves for being engaged in trimming folly, gilding vulgarity, and adorning vice? The teacher, perhaps, can more easily free himself from such untoward circumstances than the performer. The latter is compelled, for a living, to interpret that in which the public delights; but the former has some authority in the selection of subjects for the pupil's study. He would not find it amiss, perhaps, if he were to look through Mr Banister's pamphlet before resuming his trying but important duties.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

## RICHARDSON'S WORKS.

We have to record the completion of an estimable work which we have more than once noticed during its progress—the new edition of the works of Samuel Richardson—which, with a *Prefatory Chapter of Biographical Criticism*, from the pen of Mr Leslie Stephen, has been published by Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., in monthly volumes during the present year. The last four of the twelve volumes are occupied with the grandest production of the author—that which he looked upon as the most perfect exemplification of his moral system, the noblest offspring of his matured intelligence, and his chief title to fame—the famous *Sir Charles Grandison*; a novel which not only for its length and comprehensiveness, and the number of personages introduced, but for its consummate literary skill, the art with which the incidents are evolved under the difficult form of letter-writing, and the picture which it gives of the "genteele" society of England in the middle of the last century, is never likely to lose its place in our literature. It cannot be said that this voluminous exposition of the character and manners of "persons of quality" under George II., is read, or will probably be ever read, by many in the present or in future generations. The age loves succinctness, and even in his own time Richardson's diffuseness excited the impatience, not only of critics, but of some of his most devoted readers. Some years ago *Clarissa* was abridged by an industrious man of letters, and, in spite of the repulsiveness of its main incident, obtained a number of readers who would never have had the courage to set out on the long journey of the original. *Sir Charles Grandison* does not lend itself so easily to this treatment, and, indeed, is more worthy of the energy and the time which are necessary for its complete perusal. But it must always be a book for determined readers, for those especially who find it a pleasure or a duty to make themselves acquainted with the classical literature of England, and particularly with the writings of a man who had a greater continental reputation than any English author of his age. By the rest even of highly educated people it will, at the most, be read cursorily and with many skips and omissions. But to read it thus is better than not to read it at all, and we may assure those who have never glanced at it that they will find more entertainment in Harriet Byron's confidences to Miss Lucy Selby and Lady G., in the villain Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in the "whimsical" Miss Grandison, in the "faultless monster" who gives his name to the novel, in the Lady Clementina and the Count of Belvedere, and Signor Jeronymo and Laurana, than in any five of the three-volume novels of the day, which, taken together, would about equal the bulk of Richardson's masterpiece. We need only add, in conclusion, that this edition of Richardson must take rank with the finest of those which of recent years have been devoted to the stately reproduction of standard literature, and that it reflects credit on those who have prepared it. The edition is limited to 750 copies.—*Times*.

STOCKHOLM.—A new opera, *Neaga*, by the Swedish composer, Ivar Hallström, is accepted at the Theatre Royal. The book is by Carmen Sylva (the pseudonym assumed by the Queen of Roumania). Hallström completed the opera last summer, at the château of Monrepos, the seat of the Prince von Wied, her Roumanian Majesty's brother.

## MUSICAL SKETCHES.

By H. E. D.

## No. 12.—SOME HINTS AND APHORISMS.

*"More honour'd in the breach than the observance."**Hamlet (Act i. sc. 4).*

## FOR THE PIANIST.

On no account remove the foot from the loud pedal when playing. The excellence of pianoforte playing is in proportion to the degree of loudness attained.

If you *should* happen to play softly, always slacken the time.

When asked to play, take your seat at the piano and say : "Do you know a little thing by so-and-so? I don't think I remember it but it goes something like this," and then play the piece you have been working at for the last month.

Whenever you happen to break down say you have lost your place : if you have no music before you, stop and say you are very sorry but you forgot the remainder.

## FOR THE VIOLINIST.

Always work the bowing arm from the shoulder.

Acquire great dexterity in manipulation ; tune is of minor importance.

The use of rosin is a bad habit. Don't adopt it.

It is a great mistake to tune a violin oftener than once a month. It ought not to require it, and such indulgence only gets the instrument into bad habits.

Keep the violin in a cool, moist place.

The bow should occasionally be dipped in the best lubricating oil. It makes it work smoothly, and prevents the hair from falling off.

## FOR THE ORGANIST.

Play the pedals with the left foot only and use the heel as little as possible.

A pleasing effect can often be obtained by drawing the stops only about half out.

Always use the "mixtures" alone.

Be careful to keep steadily pumping the swell pedal whilst playing.

Vary the stops every few bars.

Extemporize frequently : in accordance with the laws of harmony, if possible, but in any case extemporize.

Remember that the "Vox Humana" is an admirable pedal stop.

## FOR THE SINGER.

A continuous *glissando* from one note to another has an agreeable effect.

The sounds should come through the nostrils. It improves the quality.

Dwell on the consonants as much as possible—especially on the final s.

Open your mouth as wide as you can with safety to your jaw.

Study well the art of posing, and, if a lady, acquire a certain sweet simpering, pouting smile, for use in tender passages in conjunction with raised eyebrows and half-closed eyes.

## FOR THE COMPOSER.

To get an original inspiration, examine the works of other composers.

First write your music in an easy key, and then transpose it into the most difficult and awkward one you can find.

Insert plenty of chords which it is impossible for anyone, not possessed of the hands of a giant, to play.

Always remember, the more difficult the music the greater the genius of the composer.

Give each of your works a foreign title, for you will thereby be credited with a knowledge of the languages from which the words are taken.

Never admit the superiority of any other composer, whether living or dead.

## FOR THE CONDUCTOR.

Take lessons in swimming and carpet-beating.

Confine your attention at your toilet to cuffs, collar, gloves, and back hair.

Tap vigorously on the desk and give a prolonged "hush!" in all soft passages. It draws the attention of the audience from the music to the conductor.

At the conclusion of each piece, wipe your forehead—whether it needs it or not.

Scowl occasionally on the man with the double-bass, and, directly the drummer comes in with his part, wave your left hand violently in his direction : it keeps down their vanity.

If you wear long hair, throw it back, by a graceful swing of the

head, at the end of all the difficult passages, for it will remind the audience that all the merit is yours.

## FOR THE CRITIC.

Find out the popular opinion and say nearly the opposite.

Get a good stock of adjectives, learn how to "gush," and (if you are sure you have time) study *music* a little.

If you want to please the profession generally, announce your supreme contempt for Wagner and all his works : if you wish to get the good opinion of amateurs, utter panegyrics on him.

Abuse other critics.

Always call music "the divine and melodious art."

If you have a second-cousin a fiddler, praise his performance on every possible occasion. You will probably receive a substantial hamper from him at Christmas or an invitation to accompany him on his starring tour.

If a composer be unknown, you are safe in condemning him.

If a piece performed is by one of the great masters, say it is "one of his most characteristic compositions," and speak of it as "well known to all lovers of music," though you never heard of it before.

When tickets are given to you for concerts, &c., sell them to friends, and write your criticisms at your fireside. You will thus avoid the inconvenience of rushing for your last train.

—o—

## MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Italian Opera Company inaugurated by Signor G. Verdi, and which played for a short season at the Prince of Wales Opera-house, proved a financial failure, and Signor Verdi has taken refuge in the Insolvency Court. The company's leading ladies were Miss Martina Simonsen and Signora Graziosi ; first tenors, Signor Abricia and Signor Paladini ; first baritone was Signor Verdi ; and principal bass was Signor Graziosi. The chief attraction of the season was *Mosé in Egitto*, which was produced with great effect.

Dunning's Comic Opera Company has been playing *Manteaux Noirs* at the Operahouse for some weeks past, with Miss Annette Ivanova as *prima donna*. This piece is to give way to *Boccaccio* on the 17th inst.

Miss Emelie Melville, who has been sub-lessee of the Princess Theatre for a few months past, brings a season of comic opera to a close to-morrow night, when she will take her benefit. Miss Melville will appear on the occasion as Helen in *La Belle Hélène*. During this season Miss Gracie Plaisted has renewed her pleasant acquaintanceship with the Melbourne public, and Mr Wm. Walshe, a young tenor of great promise, made his *début* as Julian Hardy in *Fatinitza*. Miss Eva Davenport, Mr John Forde, and Mr Edward Farley have contributed much to the success of the season.

The Montague-Turner English Opera Company (Miss Annis Montague and Mr Charles Turner) recently gave a few weeks of opera at the Operahouse on their way to Adelaide.

Last week (the great race week of Victoria) Mons. Horace Poussard, the violinist, gave a series of concerts in the Town Hall, at popular prices, which were very largely attended.

Signor Graziosi recently formed a small Italian Opera Company, and produced Flotow's *L'ombra* at the Victoria Hall for a short season, Miss Martina Simonsen being the *prima donna*.

J. L. T. F.

*Melbourne, 15th November, 1883.*

MEININGEN.—The programme of the last Subscription Concert given by the Ducal Orchestra comprised the overture to Weber's *Euryanthe* ; Schubert's "Phantasie in C major," as arranged by Franz Liszt, the piano part taken by Hans von Bülow ; "La Poesia," for four violoncellos, Mercadante ; "Serenade for Wind Instruments," Richard Strauss ; "Die Liebesfee," for violin and band, Raff ; "Le Carnaval Romain," Hector Berlioz ; Overture to *Rienzi*, Wagner ; "Die Ideale," Franz Liszt ; and overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini. The tour on which the Ducal Band is about to start will last 19 days, the number of concerts given being the same, or exactly a concert a day. The places visited will be Eisenach, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Darmstadt, Mannheim, Carlsruhe, Würzburg, Nuremberg, Erlangen, Stuttgart, Heidelberg, Wiesbaden, Mayence and Cassel.

## CAROLS AND HOLLY.

(Continued from page 820, Vol. 61.)

On the other hand, the sacred carol survives, and is even coming into fashion where for long it had fallen into disuse. As regards rural England, no revolution in taste and practice has touched the simple old ditties which children time out of mind have sung from door to door, and handed down to their children that they might do the same. The cynic will perhaps observe that this is simply a form of begging—raising money under pretence of a seasonable observance. Be it so; it is enough for most people that the carol remains, and with it a pretty innocent custom, wholesome in its suggestiveness, as well as tender in its sentiment. Rural carol-singing, moreover, has never been reduced to burlesque, like the music of the urban “waits.” We can find nothing in it analogous to the wheezy cornet which, with its reminiscences of nigger minstrels and “lion comiques,” makes hideous the London night. Our “waits” distinguish themselves by the success with which they avoid any connection between themselves and Christmas, save, it is true, in the matter of Boxing-Day calls. They might be more tolerable than they are would they recognize the season so far as to attempt “Christians awake” or “Hark! the herald angels sing.” But the typical “wait” sternly declines to see in Christmas either a religious or a convivial time. To him, all its associations and its sentiment are expressed in that peculiarly cheerful ditty, “The Mistletoe Bough,” with which, at rare moments, when he rises to a sense of duty, he favours an awakened and exasperated public. No such perverseness and disloyalty can be charged to the rural carol singers, who remains faithful for the most part to the quaint and simple hymns that have come down from a quaint and simple past. Who would like them to do otherwise, even though they should abandon the old carols for the productions of a more cultured muse. We can dwell with keen delight upon Milton’s “Nativity” hymn or Herrick’s “Star Song”:

“ Tell us thou clear and heavenly tongue,  
Where is the Babe that lately sprung?  
Lies he the lily-banks among?  
Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers  
Spangled with dew-light; thou canst clear  
All doubts, and manifest the where.”

The fragrance of such poetry is as that of the rose; but we would not exchange for it the scent of the wild flower that hangs about the popular Christmas carol, illogical and fantastic though it may be. Certain aspects of the event which Christmas commemorates seem to invite the homeliness and simplicity of these ancient ditties. How could the arrival of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem, and the Birth in the stable be better told than in the West of England carol known as “A Virgin most pure”:

“ But when they had entered the city so far,  
The number of people so mighty was there,  
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,  
Could get in the city no lodging at all.

Then they were constrain’d in a stable to lie,  
Where oxen and asses they used to tie;  
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,  
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.

The King of all Glory to the world being brought,  
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was wrought,  
When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet  
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.”

This is not perfect verse, but it is poetry all the same, and that of no mean order, if the essence of poetry be considered. Such virtue is there, more or less, in all the carols, that we do not wonder to find Wordsworth—who could appreciate it as after his own heart—moved to write to a brother those lines beginning :

“ The minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;  
Keen was the wind, but could not freeze,  
Nor check the music of their strings;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.”

As we have said, the carol is coming again into vogue. It has re-entered our churches and taken its old place in Christmas ritual, its unpretending strains are heard in the streets during the “Night of the Nativity,” and even the children of suburban London are beginning to sing it from door to door, as those who were children centuries ago did before them. Our generation is, therefore, strengthening one of the links that connect it with the past—from

an impulse of sentiment rather than of faith, may be, but when even sentiment reaches across the dead years to grasp the hand of living faith, the result is likely to be profit rather than loss.

Another form of Christmas poetry survives in the “greenery” with which the orthodox observer of the season bedecks his house. It must be conceded that this custom is of pagan origin, and belongs more to the feast of Yule than to that of Christ’s birth. In the early days of Christianity the Church tried hard to abolish it, as carrying men’s minds back to the state from which they had emerged. But the Church found that not all things were possible even to her ghostly and far-reaching power. The usual tactics followed. Unable to extinguish the observance, she Christianised it, using, perhaps, the argument of worthy Master Thomas Warmstry, who, in his “Vindication of the Solemnity of the Nativity of Christ” (1648), complacently remarked: “If it doth appearre that the time of this Festival doth comply with the time of the heathen’s saturnalia, this leaves no charge of impiety upon it, for, since things are best cured by their contraries, it was both wisdom and piety in the ancient Christians (whose work it was to convert the heathens from such as well as other superstitions and miscarriages) to vindicate such times from the service of the Devil by appointing them to the more solemn and especiall service of God.” In all ages of Christianity there has been this disposition on the part of its ministers and professors to plunder the Prince of Darkness, who, being unable to avail himself of a patent law for a copyright Act, is completely at their mercy. The early Church, as we have seen, appropriated the leafy decorations of his saturnalia, and in our own day General Booth is stealing all his pretty tunes. We must, however, decline to admit that there is, either in origin or tendency, anything devilish about Christmas Greenery, whatever may be the fact as regards the fires of Hallowe’en—another survival from the pagan age. It has been well said that the custom of decking houses and churches with leaves and branches belongs rather to natural religion than to any particular creed or form of worship, and this is supported by reference to the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, to the observances of the Druids, and so on. Surely it is a simple instinct that prompts men to decorate their houses in token of rejoicing, or to do honour to a person or event. In summer we use flowers, and in winter whatever of verdure the season has spared. Still, one would like to associate Christmas adornments with such a pretty and tender feeling as is sometimes declared to have originated them. A tradition tells us that back in the remote times, when fairies dwelt in the land, our ancestors looked with concern and compassion upon their state as the darkness and cold of mid-winter settled down upon their haunts. What were the “little people” to do amid ice and snow but crawl into some crevice and shivering await the return of the sun? It may be that our progenitors had an eye to the “main chance,” but, without judging them on this score, let us accept the statement that they hung evergreens in the warmth of their houses and the light of their fires so that the poor fairies might enter and, nestled invisible amid the leaves, pass the dreariest days of all the year. We have ceased to believe in fairies, with whom one of the most poetic of human conceptions has gone into the region of myth, but it is still left us to idealize the notion of giving them hospitality as we hang up the holly and laurel. There are such Christmas fairies as Love, Charity, and Benevolence, whom all men love to cherish; and if the house decorations, shimmering in the light of the Christmas fire, serve to remind us of these, we shall have entertained angels, but not unaware. Our forefathers thought much of the Christmas evergreens; made songs about them, and sang them too, we may be assured, with lusty voices. The holly was their favourite—a rough favourite, truly, and not one whose close embrace is wholly endurable, but an honest and a cheerful withal. What so cheerful, indeed, as the holly, with its sparkling dark green leaves and glowing berries? It twinkles all over with the restrained mirth that in human society befits a mere member of the “vegetable kingdom,” and for sheer good company’s sake it makes a long struggle against the tendency of its kind to droop and fade. This is the plant about which our appreciative ancestors sang:

“ Whosoever against holly do cry  
In a rope shall be hung full high.  
Whosoever against holly do sing  
He may weep and his hands wring.”

We must not put ourselves to the trouble of such championship, it being now generally conceded that the sturdy and uncompromising holly is very well able to take care of itself. By the way, there are no uncanny traditions concerning this plant, save that it shares with all other evergreens the power of bringing bad luck to those who keep it in the house later than Candlemas Day. Against the mistletoe every church door is shut as against a thing accursed, and, truth to tell, the earliest antecedents of that socially popular parasite are not the most respectable. Ivy, again, is looked at

dubiously by sticklers for decorative proprieties. "Bacchus, ever fair and young," has a property in that plant such as hardly enhances its acceptableness amongst a temperate people. The cypress is too funeral for a festive occasion; and so the list of disqualifications runs on. But the holly, like the laurel and the bay, is "Hail, fellow, well met," all round the Christmas circle. The Church blesses it; the mansion and the cottage welcome it—rightly, for it teaches many a lesson; not the least seasonable just now being the duty of taking a cheerful view of things, and, as far as possible, enabling others to do the same. The holly glistens in the faintest ray of light, and throws it back in countless points of brightness.

### THE MESSIAH AT MANCHESTER.

(From the Manchester "Examiner and Times.")

*The Messiah* has long been the greatest of English musical classics, and it is sometimes forgotten that it was first heard in Dublin. Handel was invited by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to visit that country, and on April 14th, 1742, produced *The Messiah* for the benefit of a charitable society. It was performed in London for the first time in 1747, on which occasion people were so much affected that when "Hallelujah" was sung, the audience—one of whom was the King—spontaneously rose at the passage, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and remained standing till the end of the chorus, thus setting the example followed down to our time. Musical history includes many notable performances of *The Messiah* in this country, but we have not space to refer to them, nor even to the records of its popularity in Manchester during the early part of the present century. But our readers may be willing to be reminded of some of the earlier of Mr Hallé's concerts, at which the incomparable masterpiece was given, and to see a list of the principal singers who have taken part in it since. It was, we believe, in 1859 that Mr Hallé first conducted *The Messiah* in Manchester, though not, strictly speaking, at one of his own concerts. There existed at that time an institution destined to be only short-lived—the Manchester Choral Society—of which Hallé was director, and during the Christmas season the oratorio was given with Mrs Sunderland, the Yorkshire soprano, whose popularity in these districts was so great; Miss Palmer, who still sings in opera; Mr Montem Smith, and the Italian bass-baritone Belletti, who at the Birmingham Festival had already established his fame. In 1860 the Choral Society again gave *The Messiah*, this time with Mdme Sherrington, Mrs Lockey, whose rich contralto was so deservedly admired, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Santley. Those eminent artists—as Lancashire artists we are proud to claim them both—Mdms Sherrington and Mr Santley, began early their appearances at *The Messiah* concerts. In 1861 Mr Hallé gave the first of his own *Messiah* performances, with Mrs Sunderland, Miss Palmer, Sims Reeves, and Belletti. In 1862 we had Mrs Sunderland, Miss Lascelles, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Weiss. In 1863 appeared, for the first time, Mdme Parepa, who might have replaced Mdme Clara Novello as the leading oratorio soprano had she not yielded to the seductions of the lyric stage. With Mdme Parepa came Miss Palmer, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Lewis Thomas. In 1864 the principal soprano was Miss Louisa Pyne, another lady who would have won renown in oratorio had she been less occupied by the cares of management and the "creation" of so many original parts in opera. Miss Palmer, Messrs Reeves and Lewis Thomas were the other vocalists. In 1865 we had Mdme Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Messrs Reeves and Thomas; in 1866, Mdme Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Messrs Wilby Cooper and Santley. In 1867 the lamented Mdle Tietjens sang here in oratorio for the first time, and earned the earliest of many triumphs; and with her came a lady who has not only sung at most of the performances since, but is likely to sing at many more, we mean, of course, the favourite and highly-gifted contralto, Mdme Patey. Mr Sims Reeves was the tenor that year, and, for the first time, Signor Foli the bass. In 1868, Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Messrs Reeves and Santley sang; and in 1869, Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Signor Foli, and Mr Nelson Varley, Mr Sims Reeves—whose unrivalled performances in *The Messiah* affords some of the most delightful reminiscences—again suffering from indisposition. In 1870, Mdle Tietjens, Mdme Patey, Mr Nordblom, and Herr Stockhausen, the German baritone, were principals; in 1871 Mdle Tietjens, Mdle Drasdil, Mr Nelson Varley, and Signor Foli; in 1872, Miss Edith Wynne, Mdme Patey, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Santley; this, unfortunately, being the last time the greatest of English tenors was able to fulfil his engagement at these concerts. In 1873 Mdme Alvsleben, the Dresden operatic soprano, who came to England on Mr Hallé's invitation, appeared with Mdme Patey, Mr Santley, and, for the first time, Mr Edward Lloyd, whose successive appearances have always been

specially welcome. In 1874 Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Messrs Varley and Santley; in 1875 Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Mr Cummings, and Signor Foli; in 1876, Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby and Signor Foli. About this period we find less variety than at any other; for in 1877 we had Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Signor Foli; and in 1878 Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd and Mr Santley. In 1879 came Miss Lilian Bailey—now Mrs Henschel—Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd and Mr Santley; and in 1880 Mdme Albani, Mdme Patey, Messrs Maas and Santley. In 1881 we had Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd and Mr Santley, and last year as this, Mdme Albani, Mdme Patey, Messrs Lloyd and Santley. The curious in local musical statistics will see that Mdme Patey has been the most frequent visitor to our Christmas *Messiah* concerts, Mdme Sherrington and Mr Santley coming next in order, and Mr Sims Reeves closely following. Without taking note of the recent Friday performances, Mdme Patey has sung sixteen times, Mr Santley twelve, Mdme Sherrington eleven, Mr Sims Reeves nine, Mr Lloyd seven, and Signor Foli six.

### FANFRELUCHE.

M. Hécourt, the new manager of the Renaissance, and Gaston Serpette, the composer, have each secured a success with *Fanfreluche*, which, in its original form, was brought out at Brussels under the title of *Une Nuit à St Germain*. The plot has since been modified and improved, but it is still too complicated to be analyzed in few words. Enough that the heroine is twin sister of Mdle Brézette, an opera singer, whom she resembles as closely as a Dromio to a Dromio, and who has inspired the Regent with a violent passion. To escape from his persecutions and shelter her fiancé from revenge, Brézette changes places with Fanfreluche, who is as light of conduct as she herself is severe, and the two sisters assume so many different costumes that the audience are at last almost as uncertain as to their identity as the husbands of Giroflé and Girofle. As in Lecocq's opera, the two characters are impersonated by the same actress, who at the Renaissance is no other than the popular Mlle Granier. Whether she appear as Fanfreluche or Brézette, so long as she is on the stage the audience are indifferent as to dramatic expedients. A tuneful "Aragonaise" was sung by her with so much *verve* and brilliancy that, although midnight had long struck, her admirers twice insisted on its being repeated. Mlle Granier also gave telling effect to the couplets descriptive of Fanfreluche's attractions—a song that bids fair to become popular. A trio, to which the words are in the *patois* of Arvergne, was also highly successful, while a boys' chorus and a "choeur des estafiers" are built on melodious themes, conceived in the best style of *opéra bouffe*. Morlet, the excellent baritone; Jolly, one of the most humorous actors on the French stage; and Germain, who personates a comic nigger with infinite spirit, contributed materially to the success of a work which is likely to restore the Renaissance to its legitimate place.—D. T.

### SERENADE.

Creep down on stealthy feet,  
Marion, Marion;  
For our speechless ally, Rest,  
Is rocking every breast.  
So come, securely, sweet,  
To me, Marion.  
  
We have dulled suspicion's eyes,  
Marion;  
Made its glances vague and faint  
By our wearisome restraint,  
But our penance brings its prize  
To us, Marion!

The night winds are at sport,  
Marion,  
But they'll guard our secret well,  
Nor one shimmering star will tell  
What this glad night has brought  
To us, Marion.

Oh! gently, Love—Beware!  
For a foe lurks in each stair  
Though thy foot falls light as air.  
So—uplift the latch with care  
And come, Marion.

CLARENCE M. HOOPER.

ROBBERY FROM MDME ALBANI.—At the Manchester City Police Court, on Monday, before Mr Headlam, Susan Wilson, residing in Deansgate, was charged with stealing a travelling rug, the property of Mdme Albani. It was stated that on the night of the 20th Dec. Mdme Albani was staying with her maid at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, and in the evening was driven to the Free Trade Hall to take part in the performance of the *Messiah*. It was afterwards discovered that one of her rugs upon which she set much store, it having been presented to her, was missing. A detective officer a few days afterwards found the rug at a pawnbroker's shop, where it had been pledged by the prisoner. The case was adjourned for a week for the attendance of Mdme Albani or her husband, Mr Gye.

ST JAMES'S HALL.  
**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,**  
**TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1883-84.**

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIFTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON  
**MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 7, 1884,**  
*To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.*

**Programme.**

PART I.—Quintet, in C minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Serenade, "Awake, awake" (Patti)—Mr Edward Lloyd—violoncello obbligato, Signor Piatti; Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdme Frickenhaus.

PART II.—Song, "Lend me your aid" (Gounod)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Quartet, in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdme Frickenhaus, Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. Hollander and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

**SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 12, 1884,**  
*To commence at Three o'clock precisely.*

**Programme.**

Quintet, in B flat, Op. 87, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "If with all your hearts" (Mendelssohn)—Mr Joseph Maas; Sonata, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 1, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven), M. Vladimir de Pachmann; Air, "Il mio tesoro" (Mozart)—Mr Joseph Maas; Trio, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—M. Vladimir de Pachmann, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

**Before Dawn.**

*Not mutely, not with patience have we waited  
 Till this, the darkest hour before the day.  
 Not bright and wide, with wonder unabated,  
 Have our sad eyes looked towards the far-away.*

*We have slept sometimes, though sleep for us was dreary  
 With dreams that dealt in suffering and sore wrong.  
 Sometimes we have grieved at watching, and been weary  
 Between desire of sleep and love of song.*

*While the wet yellow weather drooped and darkened,  
 Our lips were dull to speak of aught but pain,  
 Even in sleep, wherefrom we woke and hearkened,  
 And heard no sound except the falling rain.*

*There shone no moon, there gleamed no star above us,  
 As in the childhood-wonder-skies of yore,  
 Ere the high gods had wholly ceased to love us.  
 We could not recollect them any more.*

*Then, darkling, we beheld in inward vision  
 Our life—the comfort of it, and the care—  
 And what we saw was hardly worth derision,  
 And what we saw not, hardly worth despair.*

*Yet, after much complaint and unavailing,  
 Complaint and hollow weariness of time,  
 We chafe no longer, being ashamed of wailing  
 Our life's one burden in such barren rhyme.*

*For lo, the sea-wind, moaning and mysterious,  
 And the vast under-murmur of the sea  
 Come from afar. No longer shall time weary us,  
 No longer will we lie and let things be.*

*In this the darkest hour before van daylight  
 Steals o'er the winter gloom with shivering chills,  
 Ghost-like we rise and yearn until the grey light  
 Shall grow from nothing on the eastern hills—*

*Until some sudden, sharp, sweet sound of singing  
 Shall tell the world that night is nearly gone,  
 And that, at last, the chance of change is bringing  
 A golden smile on the grey lips of Dawn.*

**EPINOGRISS.**

**DEATHS.**

On December 31, 1883, at Oakdene, South Norwood, LIZZIE, the beloved wife of THOMAS BENFIELD, and youngest daughter of GEORGE PERREN, of Redhill, Surrey, aged 35.

On January the 1st, at 93, Halton Road, Canonbury, N., Mr THOMAS CHENERY, (of the Crystal Palace orchestra), in his 55th year.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

EPINOGRISS.—Forward your missives a day earlier, and respect the "classics." The line, as it rushed uninformed from the brain of the inspired minstrel who unbodyed it, runs as under:—

"With Waginor boun' to follow."

Mark that—"boun'," not "bound." There is a super-symbolic difference between the two, a sort of procrastination, as it were, of the heaving poetic mutterance.

EDGAR WART.—Dramuziando is the *Dwarf*, not the "Giant," in *Palmerin of England*.

**To ADVERTISERS.**—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

**The Musical World.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1884.

**CHERUBINI.**

(Continued from page 817, Vol. 61.)

Cherubini's death was, indeed, an event for that Paris which he had inhabited for fifty-four years and where he had occupied so high a position; for France, which he had made his second country and filled with his glory; and for all Europe, which, we may justly say, envied us his genius. His interment, therefore, was the occasion of an imposing manifestation. The funeral ceremony did not take place until the 19th March, in consequence of the operation of embalming, to which the body was subjected. At half-past nine in the morning, an immense procession, numbering several thousand persons, assembled in front of the aged master's residence in the Faubourg Poissonnière, and took its way, behind the car, along the Boulevards to the Church of St Roch. It included, besides the professors and pupils of the Conservatory, a large number of artists of all kinds, of scholars, politicians, literary men, members of various academies, a number of dramatic authors, and almost everyone belonging to the Opera and the Opéra-Comique. During the progress of the procession, a military band performed fragments of the "Pompe funèbre du Général Hoche," written by Cherubini in 1795; in the church, they sang the second *Requiem*, which he composed expressly for his own obsequies; it produced a profound impression. At the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, where the body was buried, several addresses were delivered, among them being one by Raoul Rochette, as Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts; one by Lafon, once a *sociétaire* of the Théâtre-Français, who read for Zimmermann, whose emotion prevented him from speaking; and one by Halévy, representing the deceased master's pupils. It was in the following noble and touching terms that Halévy paid the last tribute of homage to the old friend who had been for him almost a father:

"Gentlemen, it is a sad duty to come to this still open tomb to bid a last farewell to one who was my master, my guide and my friend. In the name, then, of all who loved you, receive, Cherubini, this eternal farewell. Before the earth closes for ever on your remains, listen once more to the voice of those who for thirty years have venerated and cherished you. God permitted that, at the end of your long and laborious career, in the struggle you maintained with disease and death, your strong reason never wavered. Your noble intelligence kept watch to the end in the exhausted body you beheld dying day by day. At the supreme moment, those who had the privilege of sharing with your family the task of paying the last sad attentions which soothed your dying moments, wished, on your account for the arrival of death, which you yourself prayed God to send you, for no illusion was any longer possible, neither for them or yourself; your sufferings spoke only too clearly. When death struck you down still erect, and still animated by your strong will, they almost thanked God for putting an end to your torments by calling you to himself. But now the picture of those torments is

growing fainter, and we feel only the immensity of your loss. We look for you near us; near the hearth around which we used to gather. Only a few days have elapsed, and in the profound sorrow of the period of mourning which is now beginning, we perceive what a void there will be for ever about us. Once more do I bid you farewell in the name of those who will endeavour to follow you in the path you have marked out for them. You loved them as if they had been your children, and they weep for you as they would weep for a father. Your venerated and glorious name will ever be for them the symbol of all that is noble and elevated. Farewell, Cherubini, farewell!"\*

Three weeks after Cherubini's death, the Opéra-Comique proceeded to revive his masterpiece: *Les deux Journées*, the reproduction of which had been discussed for some months, and which was apparently delayed by the hesitation of the composer, who dreaded to see re-appear in public, after forty-two years, a work which had once achieved so considerable a success. Here is what an influential paper said on the subject, when stating that the result proved such fears to be utterly groundless:

"The management of the Opéra-Comique had long been thinking of playing *Les Deux Journées*, but they had to overcome, so it is said, Cherubini's resistance. The illustrious composer did not care to expose his glory to the caprices of fashion. What had his glory to gain? And why submit to the revision of a changeable public one of the most brilliant successes of a long musical career? Was it proper to expose so great a reputation to the chances of the stage? . . . Cherubini's death, which took place on the 15th March, cleared all obstacles out of the way. *Les Deux Journées* was played before an attentive audience, who were sometimes deeply touched. Cherubini did not sufficiently take into account his reputation, and the authority of his universally-admired name, while, above all, when trembling for the fate of his work, he had too little confidence in the irresistible attraction of his talent, ever careful and rigid, ever engaging and sometimes very elevated.

" . . . The overture to *Les Deux Journées* is celebrated. We will not analyse it. But we must speak of the instrumental piece preceding the second act; it is, in its restricted limits, a very remarkable symphony. The author wanted to paint the feeling caused by the vague noises which announce the awakening of a city. The clock strikes six behind the curtain; a slight shudder in the orchestra follows the sound of the clock; then all relapses into silence. The sleepers, disturbed for moment in their rest, have turned round in bed and are again plunged in sleep. Suddenly the beat of the drum is heard; at this signal, the violoncellos are roused and the violins moved; the orchestra stretches its arms and is astonished broad day has arrived so soon. The double-basses speedily come and shake off this sluggishness. Everyone bustles about, everyone is stirring, the orchestra bursts out, and the curtain goes up. . . .

"The reading of two pieces of verse terminated the performance. M. Bouilly, who has reached the age of 80, had recovered all the dash of youth to praise his colleague. His lines were warmly applauded, as were, also, those consecrated to Cherubini's memory by M. Emile Deschamps.

"During the reading of the verses, all the artists remained grouped round Cherubini's bust. They sang with much feeling and skill a chorus from *Blanche de Provence*, an occasional opera worthy for some reason to be rescued from oblivion. The chorus we have mentioned is, more especially, a nervous and impressive composition, which would produce a great effect, if sung at the Conservatory."†

The homage thus paid to Cherubini by this theatre, to the fortune of which he had so largely contributed, was assuredly no more than was due to his genius and immense reputation. I cannot quote at length the verses of Bouilly and those of Emile Deschamps, read on this occasion by Moreau-Sainti and Henri.

\* Cherubini's remains are deposited in a vault belonging to his family. During the last ceremony a shower of rain, accompanied by hail, burst over the gathering, but did not prevent them carrying out their pious task."—*Courrier des Théâtres* of the 20th March, 1842.

† Chronique musicale (signed P. M.) in the paper, *Le Temps*, of the 14th April, 1842. At this revival of *Les Deux Journées*, the characters were sustained by Moreau-Sainti (Armand), Henri (Mekeli), Mocker (Antonio), Mdme Félix-Melotte (Constance), Descot (Marcelina), and Rouvroy (Angelina). Of all the artists who took part in the first performance of the work, Mdme Gavandan and her sister-in-law, Mdme Gontier (Rosette Gavandan), were the only ones then living. The aged Bouilly, who paid on this occasion a tribute of pious homage to his colleague, was not destined to survive the latter long; his junior by a year (he was born in 1761), he followed him to the tomb a few weeks afterwards, on the 26th May, 1842.

I must, however, remark that Bouilly's poem ended by a fine line containing a fine thought:—

"Un grand homme s'endort, mais il ne meurt jamais!" while of that by Emile Deschamps I will cite the following stanza, which will afford me an opportunity of reminding the reader of the profound friendship which bound the great musician to one of the greatest painters of his time:—

"Mais quoi! tes chefs-d'œuvre demeurent!  
Puis, quand tu t'éloignas sur la route du ciel,  
Ingres prit ses pinceaux des mains de Raphaël  
Pour te rendre aux yeux qui te pleurent . . .  
Te voilà deux fois immortel!"

(To be continued.)

### University of London.

The following are lists of the candidates who have passed the recent examinations:—

B.MUS. EXAMINATION.—Examiners: Dr Pole, F.R.S., and Dr Stainer, M.A. First Division—Augustus Hayter Walker, private tuition. Second Division—Ebenezer Goold, New Coll. Lond. and Trin. Coll. Dublin.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION IN MUSIC.—Examiners: Prof. Garnett, M.A., Dr Pole, F.R.S., Prof. Reinold, M.A., F.R.S., Dr Stainer, M.A. First Division—Ernest George Binckes, private study; Harry Colin Miller, University of Glasgow. Second Division—Francis Lyon Cohen, private study; Kate Kiero Moakes, private tuition; Williamson John Reynolds, private study; Thomas Richard Ryder, B.A., private study.

### CONCERTS.

ALBERT HALL.—Mr. Barnby did not suffer the new year to make its advent without a performance of the *Messiah*. On Tuesday evening he assembled his Choral Society, which is never more worthily employed than in singing Handel's imperishable work. If any exemplification is needed of the perfection that comes of practice and masterful discipline, we have it upon these occasions. It would be vain to look for a finer reading of the choruses of Handel's oratorio than we had on Tuesday last. The technical obedience to Mr Barnby's baton was no less remarkable than the susceptibility to the gradations and contrasts of tone in which lie the dominant force of the choral pictures. To single out any example for special praise would be unnecessary, for the readiness of the attack and the cultivated sense of the dramatic motive which characterized the delivery at the outset remained unblemished to the end, and hence the oratorio was presented in all its weight, fulness, and grandeur. The vocalists upon whom the solos devolved were Miss S. Robertson, Mdme Fassett, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley—a group as a whole not of the commanding prestige which now and then enterprise delights in providing, but nevertheless quite sufficient for the purpose. In Miss S. Robertson we had a brilliant and satisfactory exponent of the soprano music, and in Mdme Fassett a welcome co-adjudicator in the contralto duties. The names of Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Santley need but simple record. These admirable singers were both present, and, as usual, did all honour to themselves as artists and to the inspired music to which it was their privilege to give speech and utterance. The hall was crowded. The only conceded encore of the evening was in the case of the seasonable chorus "For unto us."—D. H.

M. AUGUSTE DUPONT'S PIANOFORTE CONCERT.—The final Saturday Crystal Palace afternoon concert of the year, (the tenth of the twenty-eighth series) included the production—for the first time in England—of a Pianoforte Concerto, composed by M. A. Dupont, professor of that instrument at the Brussels Conservatoire. The work consists of three divisions, each passing through several modifications of tempo. The first movement, beginning *allegro moderato*, includes the following changes—*Allegro con fuoco, più animato, più moderato, allegro moderato and vivace*—the *adagio* merges into *molto più moto*, reverting to the original tempo; and the final *vivace* changes to *più animato*, then to the time of the first *allegro*, then to that of the *adagio* followed by *tempo più mosso*, and ending *presto*. So many fluctuations have a disturbing influence on the coherence of the composition, which, nevertheless, includes some very skilful and effective writing both for orchestra and for solo instrument. The second and third movements are decidedly the most interesting portions of the work. The *adagio* opens with some charming melodic phrases for the first violins, interspersed with passages for

the wind instruments, amongst which the horn is prominent. Some delicate and fanciful embroideries for the pianoforte run throughout the movement, and afford good contrasts to the more sustained style of the orchestral writing. The final division of the concerto is full of spirit and vigour, with a pervading individuality of character especially welcome in a piece whose chief aim is ostensibly the display of skill on the part of the solo performer. For this M. Dupont's concerto affords abundant opportunity through the medium of many passages—brilliant and otherwise—written with thorough knowledge of the capacities of the modern pianoforte. The executant was Madame Frickenhaus, whose performance was excellent throughout.—H. J. L.

The concert given in aid of the funds of the Post Office Orphan Home, established in 1870, for the purpose of boarding, clothing, and educating the orphans of the sorters and other members of the Post Office, was given last month in St James's Hall. Many popular singers of the day assisted including Madame Liebhart, Madame Rose Hersee, Mr Isidore de Lara, Mr John Thomas, &c. The successes of the vocal selection were due to Madame Liebhart, "The reign of the roses" being sung so much to the satisfaction of the audience that the fair Viennese *favorita* was compelled to return three times to the platform and then repeat it. Another success was the Scotch ballad "Within a mile o' Edinboro' town," also sung by Madame Liebhart. Madame Rose Hersee pleased the audience greatly by the charming way in which she rendered the "Jewel Song" (*Faust*), and M. de Lara was unanimously encored in his own song "Where memory dwells." Mr John Thomas, never absent in a good cause, delighted every one by the performance of his own "Autumn" and "March of the Men of Harlech." The singers named in the programme besides those we have enumerated were Madame Cave-Ashton, Misses Edith Millar, Josephine Pulham, McLean, Ada Iggleston, Annie Butterworth, S. Melville, Angela Volk, Kate Flinn, Messrs Faulkner Leigh, D. Henderson, Walter Bolton, Clifford Halle, and Edward Grime. The pianist was Miss Letitia Lanier. Mr Eric Lewis, of the Savoy Theatre, gave a "Humorous and Musical Sketch," and the conductors announced were Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Romili, Mr Terry, Mr W. Ganz and Signor Bisaccia.

LADY BRABAZON gave a concert at Fulham, on Wednesday, January 2. Every part of the tastefully decorated room was crowded. Colonel Gore and Mr C. J. Bishenden were great favourites, and the applause was loud and prolonged when Mr Bishenden sang with spirit "The Mermaid" (encored). His other songs—"The Village Blacksmith," and "The Outlaw" were also encored. The other artists were Misses Smith and Bolton, Mrs Ekins, and Mr Tietkens. The programmes of these concerts are so well arranged that they cannot fail to be successful.

MISS ALICE ROSELLI gave a concert at the Brompton Hospital on New Year's Day, assisted by Miss Helen Meason and Mr Woodhouse, Messrs Churchill Sibley, Lindsay Sloper, and Sydney Smith. Miss Roselli was in excellent voice, singing Gounod's "Conte de Noel;" a song, "With thee?" by Mr Churchill Sibley; "No, thank you, Tom!" by Roeckel (encored, and Pinsuti's "Carrier John" substituted); Roeckel's "Cast thy bread upon the waters" (encored, "Market-tide," by Cotsford Dick, being substituted); and, with Mr Woodhouse, Campana's "Una sera d'amore" (encored, and Marzials' "Secret voices" substituted). Miss Helen Meason gave Marzials' "The Miller and the Maid," "Some day," and "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," all of which this clever young singer was called upon to repeat. Mr Sydney Smith played his popular arrangement of Irish airs and his spirited march "En route;" Mr Lindsay Sloper a *Lied ohne Worte*, by Mendelssohn, and Gottschalk's "Pasquinaire;" Mr Churchill Sibley giving his own "Mariettes' Wedding Dance." The arrangements for the concert were admirably carried out by the secretaries, Messrs Dobben and Theobald, whose zeal and kindness are indefatigable for the welfare of the inmates of the hospital. At the conclusion of the concert, the patients expressed themselves highly gratified with the entertainment, and wished Miss Roselli and the other artists "a happy new year."

#### PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The audience on Thursday night, December 27th, was very much larger than such a programme would have attracted in Christmas week twenty years ago, and we question—says the *Examiner* and *Times*—whether in any previous year so many thousands have listened to music in the Free Trade Hall on as many nights as during this and last week. A Mozart Symphony, Beethoven's music to *Eymont* (with Mr Brandram as reader), and a new pianoforte concerto at one concert were surely sufficient to give it a classical character; but Mozart's music is always delightful to

listen to, and the symphony could not but be enjoyed by all who care for fresh and beautiful melody, and who appreciate symmetry and graceful form in music. The whole of Beethoven's music to *Eymont* had been only once previously heard at these concerts, and that so far back as in 1869, when Madame Rudersdorf was the vocalist and Mr Walter Montgomery the reader. The novelty of the evening was a concerto by Hans Huber, a Swiss composer whose name is scarcely known here. It is a work of considerable originality, but its difficulties would repel any but experienced executants, and it was played with amazing vigour and facility by Mr Hallé. The Scherzo is the most fanciful movement, and the audience evidently enjoyed and encored it. This was rather cruel, as Mr Hallé had three pieces to play shortly afterwards. In the second part Miss Santley sang Benedict's "I mourn as a dove," with much taste; but in nothing was she more successful than in Handel's quaint and beautiful air from *Ottone*, and only a well-trained artist could sing this florid music as Miss Santley did.

CARMARTHEN.—The Annual Carol Concert given by the St. Peter's day school children and others, took place on Thursday, December the 20th, before a very full and appreciative audience. The singing was better than ever, there being a marked improvement since last year. The singing of the younger children was especially good; they seemed to understand the distinction of light and shade, and to be aware that shouting is not singing. To the Rev. T. Phillips, who conducted, all praise is due, so energetic is he in training them. The infants dressed in white were a picture and took the house by storm in singing the carols "Merrily over the Snow" and "Christmas Cheer." The Welsh choir also rendered two carols very effectively. The Rev. E. Jones and party gave two part songs with taste and precision, especially "The child is born in Bethlehem." Miss Rachel Williams has a very good voice, and is a very promising singer. Her rendering of "Draw yn hell" pleased everybody. Miss Nevern Jones assisted in the accompaniments most efficiently. The proceeds will be given towards the Sunday School prizes fund and we hope the amount realised will prove ample for such a good purpose.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

LEEDS.—During the Christmas holidays the recitals given on the magnificent organ in the Town Hall by Dr Spark are more frequent, and are attended by larger audiences than at ordinary times. On Tuesday afternoon, December 25, a programme including several very interesting novelties was played by the borough organist in his usual masterly style; and on Saturday evening there was again an attractive selection of pieces, comprising Auber's overture to *Gustavus*, the orchestral effects of which were happily conveyed, Next a lovely Ave Maria by Cherubini, and an offertory by Lefebure-Wely; an Andante by Dr. Wesley and an Allegro by Henry Smart (worthy to compare with the best foreign compositions); a fantasia on two Christmas carols, by Guilmant; the programme concluding with a selection from *Don Giovanni*. There was enough here to call forth all the organist's varied powers of expression and invention of effects, and we need not say—says the *Leeds Daily News*—how fully he was equal to the task. The instructive value of the recitals is greatly enhanced by the short descriptive notes found in the printed programme, which convey all that is necessary to be known of the various pieces to make them understood and appreciated.

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#### BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

As was to be expected, the Royal Operahouse has been filled to the ceiling every time Pauline Lucca has appeared during her latest engagement, though she has been heard times out of mind in the same characters.—Lecocq's *Pompon* has been produced under the title of *Dr Piccolo*, at the Neues Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater. Exceedingly well played and effectively put upon the stage, it was not unfavourably received, though it is not likely to enjoy a very extended run.—At the fourth Symphonie-Soirée of the Royal Orchestra, the late Robert Volkmann's D minor Symphony was performed as a mark of tribute to his memory. Then came an overture, by E. Rudorff, to Tieck's *Blonder Ekkert*. Part II. in the programme consisted of Michael Glinka's "Kamarinskaja" and Beethoven's D major Symphony.

The Schumann Society of Detroit (U. S.) will perform at its first concert, January 28th, 1884, C. Oberthür's chorus, with orchestral accompaniments, "Breezes of Evening," and has commissioned the author to write a work expressly for the society.

## THE DRAMATIC YEAR.

The dramatic year just ended has been singularly destitute of interest and novelty. As a purely commercial enterprise there has been no undue depression. Theatres have multiplied and are multiplying. The difficult art of management is removed from the stern matter of fact of practice into the dubious realms of inspiration. The theatre was never more popular; but its intellectual progress is scarcely commensurate with its social advance. Things have remained as they were with almost savage precision. No new play of startling interest, of originality, abnormal excitement, or intellectual promise has broken the almost monotonous silence. No new author, distinguished either for his activity or imitative power, has come to the front to arouse the interest of the public or to cheer the hearts of depressed and baffled managers. The departure of Mr Henry Irving for America at the close of the summer season necessarily restricted the Lyceum campaign to revivals more or less interesting of plays that were to form the programme of the Lyceum company on the other side of the Channel. The last celebrated Shakspearian reproduction at our first theatre was *Much Ado About Nothing*, which eclipsed in brilliancy, good taste, and richness of archaeology all that has ever been done for Shakspeare on the English stage; but no one has ventured to touch Shakspeare in Mr Irving's absence, and it is improbable that any novelty will be seen at the Lyceum until *Faust and Marguerite*, by Mr. W. G. Wills, is produced on Mr Irving's return next summer. The lighter or comedy theatres of the first class, such, for instance, as the Haymarket and the St James's Theatres, have had to depend upon France for assistance. The very successful *Fédora* was a translation of a strong but not wholly wholesome work by Sardou; the equally successful *Impulse* was an adaptation from a French play. The Court Theatre, however, after one or two bold attempts to secure native talent, rather suggested than pronounced, has under a new and healthy management found a play eminently suited to a small conversational theatre. Mr G. W. Godfrey, indeed, promises to be one of our safest dramatists, and to draw a clever line between the light humour enjoyed by a certain section of frivolous society and that heavy-handed cynicism that deals out rudeness and tries to pass it off as wit. Melodrama of a certain showy, picturesque, and *ad captandum* class appears to have had its day. The most popular authors, as it would appear, have gone out of their way to ridicule and burlesque the incidents that are their stock-in-trade, and to bring into disrepute a very favourite form of public amusement. An evident want of sincerity has worked the usual mischief. By writing up to the scene-painter and the machinist, instead of allowing the scenic effects to be the outcome of the dramatic scheme, the most expensive and best advertised plays have betrayed their own weakness, and exposed the feebleness of their dramatic constitution. The public is as ready as ever to see a good melodrama, at the Adelphi (or elsewhere), human, well acted, and richly illustrated; but they have been wearied with dramatic patchwork, and are beginning to laugh at what they once so much admired. The Princess's Theatre, however, has had no share in the decadence of recent melodrama. Indeed, *The Silver King* was one of the best specimens of the class that the modern stage has seen—human, passionate, exciting, full of variety, and well acted by the actor-manager and a clever company. Encouraged by the public approval of his efforts to gradually lift the tone of dramatic amusements at this theatre, Mr Barrett has taken a desperate plunge in another direction, and has endeavoured to unite the beauties of modern scenic and pictorial art with a poetical play of a lofty kind, but with an age with which popular audiences are wholly unfamiliar. It is too early yet to decide upon the wisdom of Mr Barrett's experiment with *Claudian*, but the manager has earned the sympathy of all who take an interest in the intellectual progress of the stage. Funny plays have succeeded wherever and whenever they rose above the level of sad-faced inanity; Mr J. L. Toole has more firmly established than ever his strong popularity, and is now the recognized caricaturist who good-naturedly "chaffs" the successful plays of the period; and it might be argued from the success of *Confusion* at the Vaudeville, and the recently-produced *Rocket* at the Gaiety, that there is still a public for a good farce when it can be found, although lengthened out into three acts. *Confusion*, indeed, is no evidence of managerial skill or insight. It was refused more than once as worthless, and only rescued from neglect by being accidentally brought out at a morning performance, when the public gave it a good mark at once, and the manager, who proposed to run it for a summer season, found that the people eager for a laugh would not keep away from it. There is a large public, also, for light musical plays; but they are mostly of French origin, and the example set by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr W. S. Gilbert few English writers have attempted to follow with any success. A literary and musical partnership established between Mr G. R. Sims and Mr Frederic Clay has, how-

ever, proved strong and valuable; that it will be a lasting one will be the earnest hope of the many friends of a popular and charming composer stricken down in his hour of success.

Managers still complain of the dearth of new plays good enough to bear the heavy cost of production, and they hesitate to give orders for novelties even to experienced dramatists. On the other hand, the cry of the unacted is very bitter, and it really does seem astonishing that so few practice themselves towards perfection in an art that, if successfully employed, is by far the most remunerative of any form of literary labour. The popular dramatist who can find a harvest, not only in London, but in America, Canada, Australia, and the English-speaking colonies, is more to be envied than his brother novelist, however industrious, and secures a fortune with a far smaller expenditure of labour. But such lucky men are in a conspicuous minority, for, as a rule, failures are far more common than successes on the stage. The somewhat selfish principle of working alone considerably diminishes the chance of would-be dramatists. It is urged on the part of the unacted that managers are not eager to peruse the countless works entrusted to them, and no doubt their experience is not encouraging. Many a young manager has begun with a conscientious intention, but has broken down after a short but virtuous struggle with hopeless manuscripts. At the same time, the old plan of appointing "a reader," as is the case with publishing firms, is not at all common, nor do we ever hear of a play with a good primary idea, but crudely finished, being sent back to the author with a hint to put himself in communication with a practical dramatist, who might secure for the *collaborateurs* a gold mine out of a mere skeleton. Writers are perpetually seeking for plots, and constructors are continually searching for writers, but they are seldom brought together except by an accident. So it generally comes to this, that the stage manager, or the manager himself, has more often than not to work into shape that which is accepted in its rough and unshewn form. The extraordinary ignorance of mechanism and practical details connected with it, and the comparative neglect of the study of dramatic effect by most writers who aspire to become dramatists, fires with ambition the author-actor, who is, at any rate, familiar with the technical part of his art. He knows the secrets of his trade, can pull down the curtain with effect, and understands the wisdom of writing a good many well-accentuated parts. But the misfortune is that the actor, as a rule, lives in a very circumscribed sphere. His mind is very stagey. Of the world he knows comparatively little. His view of society is distorted. His effects are conventional, and his comedy is commonplace. A Robertson, who can be actor, author, and human too, appears to be an exceptional coincidence—in fact, one man in a generation.

Still for all this, though plays are scarce, and managers have a great difficulty in suiting the tastes of their patrons, there never was such a mania for acting as now, and there seldom has been a time when higher salaries were paid for moderate talent. The popularity of private theatricals at the Universities and in the suburbs, and the publicity that has been given to the performances of certain University and local amateurs who have adopted the stage as a profession, has fired some of their companions with a similar ambition; but it must be remembered that the "race is only for the swift," and the amateur, however much courted in his own circles, will have to learn by experience how arduous, difficult, and frequently disappointing is the profession that, after all, has far more blanks than prizes. All this will, however, find its level. When the market is overstocked prices will go down, and these phantom salaries for unpractical performers will no longer dazzle the eager eyes of stage struck youth. Unfortunately the drudgery of theatrical apprenticeship is almost at an end. There are very few stock companies left in the provinces, and most of the early work and training are now learned on the amateur stage. A well dressed and educated amateur, therefore, finds no difficulty in getting an engagement at once in London, raw and inexperienced as he is; and his industry and energy are almost safe to be a passport for a tour round the country in a starring play that has made a success in the metropolis. The amateur has nothing to do but to imitate the original creator of the part, and his reputation as an actor is established. The extraordinary dearth of actresses in any way competent for the work entrusted to them is, no doubt, due to the loss of the old stock provincial companies or training schools; and no good whatever, so far as we can see, has come from the innumerable *matinées* whereat silly girls and pretentious women have at once aired their vanity and shown their incompetence. The *matinée* movement has for the most part been a pretentious nuisance. Friends who are not always sincere in their criticism have been bored for their patronage and assistance, in money and influence; the public have been disgusted with performances discreditable to the theatres at which they

were produced ; and the time of writers has been wasted in watching plays as silly as they were bombastic, or in endeavouring to discover a gleam of talent behind a thick veneer of vanity and vulgarity.

It would scarcely have been thought that this was the time to build new theatres, or to speculate in theatrical property. And yet they continue to spring up like mushrooms, and very often to close almost as quickly as they open. If there are few plays to produce, and fewer actors to appear in them, it seems odd that theatrical speculation should hold its own ; but it shows no signs of abatement. The theatre architect is constantly employed, and available sites are rapidly bought up. For it would appear as if no training were required for this most difficult art in the varied classes of direction, supervision, and management. Where the stage loses caste the most is in the managerial direction of all but established theatres. Men—and, for the matter of that, too often women also—with little experience or training, with scant sincerity and dubious love for the art, provoke much mischief and inevitable scandal. They direct theatres as they would a tavern or a restaurant ; they care little for the goodwill of the public ; and they have little of the modesty of the manager of the old school ; and they too often invest their money with no laudable aim or object. In days gone by a quick remedy would have been found for some of the scandals of modern management in the strong and determined public voice. When there was a more hearty interest in the welfare of the stage, managers who are little better than amateurs would have hesitated to produce such plays as are now too often seen, or to insult their patrons with such feeble exhibitions of acting as too often pass muster. But audiences are far more lenient than they used to be ; the good old pit has lost the power of its voice, disheartened at precedent ; and, except at certain well-known theatres, the class of audience has materially degenerated. Happily there are theatres still patronised by men of intellect and women of taste ; there are managements of scrupulous exactness and method ; but in too many cases careless and slipshod directions have produced insincere and flashy audiences, never prepared to visit managerial shortcomings by wholesome correction. Nowadays it is the manager who lectures the audience, not the audience that keeps the manager in his place ; and so a want of discipline on the stage is tacitly encouraged by the good-nature and over-lenienty of the public. The wholesomeness, the credit, and the value of the stage as an art or as an amusement are in the hands of the public. They are their own masters. Criticism can do little unless it is endorsed by the strong public voice. This strong power might be occasionally used to good purpose in discrediting gratuitous folly, and in protesting against managerial incapacity.—C. S.

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#### FACTS IN FRAGMENTS.

A Royal Academy concert is one of those events that should interest all who value the future of music in England. These schools may be regarded as the nursery grounds of music from which we derive our artists as the older members of the profession die out ; and certainly no one present at the orchestral concert given on Friday, the 21st, can have felt any doubt as to the excellence of the training carried on there, or the promising character of the young musicians who are allowed to take advantage of these opportunities for showing their progress. Cherubini's well known *Messe des Morts* in C minor is suited to the fresh young voices of the choir, and although there were only 97 female and 35 male voices employed, they all sang with so much power, point, and good expression that they not only distinguished themselves but reflected much of their glory on their excellent conductor, Mr William Shakespeare. The *Requiem* was interesting from another point of view. Written in the ripeness of the composer's ability it contrasts with Berlioz's *Messe*. Here we have vigour free from mannerism, great emotion and yet perfect clearness. To such a composer Berlioz must indeed have appeared but a delirious enthusiast. A word of praise must not be withheld from the orchestra of sixty-seven (mainly composed of pupils), although the gentleman who "presided" over the drums occasionally made his presence too conspicuously felt.

Amongst the solo vocalists, Miss Marie Etherington in Mendelssohn's "Infelice," and Miss Thudichum, in Costa's "I will extol Thee" (both old pupils), were received with enthusiasm. Surrounded by her friends and companions, the latter threw into Costa's spirited air so much fire as to call forth loudly expressed approval from all. Mr Barker, in Handel's aria, "Si tra I ceppi," exhibited a fine bass voice thoroughly under control. The instrumental soloists as on all these occasions were both numerous and

skilful. Miss Emily Latter in the Allegro from Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat and Mr Ernest Kiver in a Concertstück of F. Hiller both displayed unusual ability, and Mr Frank Arnold went through the whole of Max Bruch's Violin Concerto in G minor with remarkable execution and pureness of tone. A more promising young violinist and one who has been better taught, it would be difficult to point out at the present moment.

The original compositions performed were only two in number, and both remain in MS. The "Ave Maria" of Mr C. S. Macpherson was well given by Miss Kate Hardy, and the song, "Night and Love," by Mr G. J. Bennett, which had the advantage of a harp *obbligato*, by Miss Ida Audain, was much applauded. Both these gentlemen are students, and they have both of them exhibited their skill as composers before. Their promise will not be lessened by their present productions.

PHOSPHOR.

#### GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF ART.

(*To the Editor of the "Times."*)

SIR,—You published a few days since a letter signed "An Aged Artist" on a subject which urgently demands investigation—our Government schools of art.

Circumstances have furnished me with considerable experience of different methods of teaching art in different countries. Here I work in a large *atelier* in which there are students of every description, from absolute beginners to skilful artists, and I see one student fresh from a country village where she had literally had no teaching, besides another from one of the best known British schools of art, at which she had taken high honours, both working from the same model with, according to the teacher's opinion, very equal skill. No doubt the latter is an adept at "stippling," but as that is an accomplishment little appreciated, except in South Kensington circles, it profits her nothing. I cite not from one instance, but from many. Girls from British schools of art are invariably considered mere beginners, and that from no prejudice, but because they show themselves incapable of drawing a human face.

"An Aged Artist" attributes the small results of our Government schools of art to the badness of their system. From my own observation I venture on the bold assertion that the teachers are even worse than the system, though I believe this to proceed from an integral part of the system which very much narrows the field for the selection of teachers.

I have myself been taught by several schools of art teachers, with the result that I have since had to unlearn all I learnt from them, and I have seen the works of others who hold high appointments, and certainly were they private teachers no parent would confide his children's instruction to them on testimony of their works.

How long is this state of things to continue? The chief sufferers by it are a particularly speechless race—*i.e.*, unsuccessful artists; I believe the schools have not yet produced any successful ones.

Our Government, unlike some other Governments, enjoys the just confidence of the people, and what it offers them they will take almost without inquiry. In this case it not only offers them a bad article, but prevents them from providing themselves with a good one, for, except in the metropolis, it is impossible for independent teachers, however excellent, to compete with those supported by the Government, however incapable the latter may be.—I remain, Sir, yours, &c., Paris.

A YOUNG ARTIST.

#### SCHOOLS OF ART.

(*To the Editor of the "Times."*)

SIR,—In reply to the complaints of a "Young Artist" as to the difficulty of getting proper instruction, allow me to point out that very shortly there will be opened the schools of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Instruction in painting the figure, landscape, still life, and drawing in black and white will be given free. A glance at the talented list of members, or a visit to the present "oil" exhibition in Piccadilly (of which your issue of yesterday contained so admirable a critique), will give an idea of the immense value of such teaching.—Yours obediently,

ANOTHER ARTIST.

*The "Graphic," 190, Strand, London, W.C., December 18th.*

Mr Odoardo Barri left Plymouth on Saturday in the steam yacht, St Cecilia, on a four months' cruise to Madeira, Jamaica, and Havanna, for the benefit of his health.

## A PROFESSOR'S REMINISCENCES.

*(From the "Cheltenham Examiner.")*

## MY FIRST CONCERT.

MR EDITOR.—The period of which I am now going to write was the time of the Old Coaching Days, when people travelled by post-chaise with postillions; before railways were general, and when telegraphs were unheard of. It may not be uninteresting to my readers for me, as I enter upon my narrative, to say that I was born in Devonshire, within a few miles of the renowned harpist, Eli Parish, subsequently named Parish Alvars, who became the greatest harpist in the world. To diverge somewhat from my story, this wonderful performer and composer, while residing abroad, became a great friend of Thalberg. When this celebrated pianist paid his first visit to London, he quite electrified his audience by the extraordinary effects produced, his passages being quite new and startling. It is quite true that Thalberg obtained this new style of pianoforte playing by studying and copying the harp compositions of his friend Parish Alvars. I mention this fact as I think it pays unmusical England the greatest possible compliment—that an English musician should be the means of creating one of the greatest pianists and composers ever heard. To resume my story. I began my musical profession when I was about eighteen or nineteen years old, and had just purchased a practice at Yeovil, in Somersetshire, when I received a letter from a friend in Exeter, the contents of which were to inform me that the celebrated harpist Bochsa, and his concert party, would be passing within a few miles of the town in which I was living, and to ask me if I felt disposed to engage them for a concert on a certain date. A short time afterwards I received a further communication from Signor Bochsa himself, stating terms. Being a stranger and a young professor, before finally making up my mind to engage the party, I consulted the Librarian, who was an authority, and in the habit of printing and selling tickets for concerts, entertainments, &c., on the matter. He fell in with the project with an immense deal of interest, saying as there had not been a concert in Yeovil for many years, he felt sure that such a talented party would command a large attendance, which in the end proved correct. I immediately wrote and accepted the great Bochsa's terms. The party consisted of Madame Anna Bishop (soprano), her sister, Madlle Riviere (contralto), Signor Brizzi (tenor), Signor Puzzi (solo horn), Bochsa himself (solo harp), and my humble self, solo pianist and accompanist upon this occasion. Between Exeter and Yeovil they had given a morning and an evening concert. The time appointed for their arrival in Yeovil for rehearsal was half-past two, Signor Bochsa having written to request that I should be at the concert-room at that time, in order to rehearse a grand trio composed by him for harp, horn, and piano, also a grand duo for harp and piano, and the songs that were to be sung to my accompaniment. Of course I took care to be punctual, but alas! no Bochsa or party made their appearance. After waiting two hours in the greatest state of anxiety, on a December day, I felt cold, hungry, and anything but comfortable. Having partaken of some little refreshment, I returned to my seat, where I had been expecting my party for so many hours. My friend the Librarian, who lived close to the concert-room, dropped in every now and then to enquire if the performers had arrived, and seeing me looking rather down in the dumps before a splendid new grand piano, by Erard (this firm, which has now become so celebrated, had not then long been established in England), buoyed me up by saying, "They will sure to be here directly." I had watched the progress of the filling up of the plan of the concert every day until scarcely a seat was left, and the exuberance of spirits of the worthy librarian was due to the fact that he had all the money in his possession, which I discovered afterwards, to my cost.

The old adage of counting your chickens before they are hatched was never better applied to any man than it was to myself in this my first concert. Six o'clock arrived; no performers. Seven o'clock, and still no performers. For an hour and an half before the concert was to commence the town was full of carriages, and in front of the hotel where the concert was to be held the carriages formed a line of more than three-quarters of a mile long. The room filled rapidly; at half-past seven scarcely a vacant seat, and still performers were absent. Eight o'clock arrived; no performers. The room crammed. Hearing some very mysterious hammering under the floor of the room, I enquired the cause, upon which the proprietor came, and whispered that there were signs that the room was giving way, and that they were placing posts to support the floor, under which were the stables, filled with horses. Of course the audience were kept in perfect ignorance of the danger we were all in. At half-past eight sounds of furious driving were heard coming up the street, and a coach and four dashed into the hotel yard, with a harp in a large case upon the top of the carriage, a

convincing proof that Bochsa and his company had arrived at last. Till now the audience had been in perfect ignorance of the non-arrival of the performers, and had been clamouring for a considerable time for the concert to begin. However, they were pacified by a speech, in which it was stated that between certain places the carriage had broken down, detaining the party many hours; and as there had been no rehearsal, the concert-giver claimed their kind indulgence under the circumstances.

With programme disarranged, the concert began with a song by Signor Brizzi, who was a very popular tenor at that time, and which he sang so charmingly that the audience was at once in the best of humours. Bochsa here asked me to go in and play my solo, in order that he might have time to get his harp ready after so perilous a journey. I at once complied, upon the conclusion of which I found the party had been listening to my performance, and expressed their warm approval by shaking me most cordially by the hand, which, after all my troubles, gave me greater confidence for the next piece—trio for piano, harp, and horn—which met with a most flattering reception; but never did I feel such nervousness as I did all through that trio. Bochsa himself, being a giant of a man, shook the stage in such a manner that I really thought all three of us would have landed down amongst the horses. Madame Anna Bishop then charmed and delighted all with her beautiful rendering of "Auld Robin Gray," moving the large audience to tears. Never shall I forget the effect produced, the applause upon the conclusion of her magnificent singing being something deafening.

I may state that the concert from beginning to end was a brilliant success. But I wish to relate a circumstance that happened to myself during the performance. I had chosen for my solo in the second part of the programme piece by Dreyschock, for the left hand alone. This composer was the first to introduce left-hand solo playing upon the pianoforte. The celebrated J. B. Cramer, after hearing Dreyschock play in Paris, writing to a friend in London, states: "There is a new pianist who has just appeared here. He is a wonderful performer, but he has no left hand (because they are both right hands)." After I had played the solo, a gentleman came to the platform and asked me if I would kindly favour the audience with a repetition. Of course, I willingly complied with the request. An elderly lady of title, sitting in front, on being told that I was playing with the one hand alone, requested a friend who was accompanying her to hand me up her fan, which I was to hold in my right hand in order that she might see there was no deception.

The concert over, another trial presented itself. Signor Bochsa called me on one side with a request that as they were leaving very early in the morning I would oblige him by settling with him then. But, lo and behold, amidst all my troubles, I had forgotten to ask the Librarian, who, as I observed before, had all the cash in his possession, to furnish me with the sum necessary to pay the terms I had agreed upon. Feeling in such an awkward predicament I made my way to the house of that worthy, but only to find it locked up and the whole family gone to bed, so that my attempt to procure the money there was fruitless. What to do I knew not; but recollecting I had a friend, a gentleman living in the town, of very wealthy means, and who had been a great supporter of my concert, wended my way there. Fortunately I found when I arrived at his house that he was entertaining company. I rang the bell and enquired of the footman if I could see his master for a moment. My friend very kindly came out and received me most kindly. I then told him of my misfortune, and that I had come to ask if he would kindly assist me out of my difficulty by lending me the sum I required until the morning, which he most willingly did. So far so good. But my worst misfortune was to befall me the next day, for when I called upon the worthy Librarian for a settlement I found that he had settled me by decamping in the middle of the night with the whole of the proceeds of this my first concert.

R. L.

## CANZONE.

Stars that on thee Shine at night ; And the moonbeam, Silv'ry bright, Wreathing thy fair Brow with light ; And the glow-worm's Glimmering lamp, Shining thro' the Grass so damp, Guard thee thro' the night from sorrow.	Bubbling brooklet In wood bowers, With it's music's Softest showers ; Zephyrs wooing Sleep-closed flowers ; Nightingale's rich Love-tuned theme Weaving thee a Heavenly dream, Shall enchant thee till to-morrow.
<i>Copyright.</i>	J. H. A. HICKS.

[Jan. 5, 1884.]

## WAIFS.

"Vianesi, conductor at the 'Metropolitan'"—says Freund's *New York Weekly*—"has managed to make himself thoroughly disliked. He is accused of favouring Sembrich, Nilsson, and Scalchi at the expense of Fursch-Madi, Trebelli, and other artists, whenever possible. He has been detected in attempts to drown singers against whom he may bear a grudge. A favourite trick of his, moreover, is to accelerate the *tempo* so as to break up a singer's phrasing. He is reputed with making trouble in every company of which he has been a member." (Bosh! Vianesi knows better, and, as Bevignani will agree, is too much in love with his art and too proud of his position to indulge in such vagaries. Bosh!—Dr Blücher.)

Verdi is in Milan.

Eugène Ysaye, the violinist, is making a concert tour in Austria.

M. Campo-Casso has become the manager of the Théâtre des Arts, Rouen.

*Mignon* has been performed, under the direction of Mancinelli, at the Liceo, Barcelona.

Theodor Thomas, with his orchestra, has been giving Symphony Concerts in Boston (U.S.).

Paolino Gomez, a nephew of Carlos Gomez, the composer, died a short time since in Milan.

Victor Massé, who has been in an extremely bad state of health lately, is now much better.

Dr Wilhelm Kienzl, of Gratz, is appointed conductor of the German Opera Company, Amsterdam.

A performance of Hector Berlioz' *Damnation de Faust* has been given by the St Cecilia Society, Lyons.

Carlo Gomez' *Salvator Rosa* inaugurated the winter operatic season in Cagliari, Cremona, Padua, Palermo, and Sassari.

Mdme Olga Lwoud Cezano, a new Russian pianist, who has made a sensation in Vienna, is about to visit Berlin.

*La Traviata*, with Gargano, Masini, and Battistini in the principal parts, is the last quasi-novelty at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

At Dolores (Argentine Republic), the tenor, Vives, died suddenly during the performance of the zarzuela, *El Anillo de Hierro*.

Pauline Luca is to appear at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, as the heroine in Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, and is now studying the part.

A new zarzuela, *El Capitan Centelles*, music by Caballero and Lopez Almagro, has been brought out at the Teatro de Apolo, Madrid.

Lilli Lehmann, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, who has been suffering much from ill-health lately, has been ordered to the South of Europe.

A new buffo opera, *De la Noche á la Mañana*, music by Chueca and Valverde, has been well received at the Teatro de las Variedades, Madrid.

Cherubini's "Coronation Mass" and a fragment of Charles Pöissot's oratorio, *Le Christ*, were performed at Christmas in the Cathedral, Dijon.

The first performance of Flotow's posthumous opera, *Der Graf von St. Mégrin*, was to be given at the Stadttheater, Cologne, yesterday, the 4th inst.

Mdme Rose Hersée's professional pupil, Mrs Emily Norman, gained the Scholarship for Singing at the Blackheath Conservatory of Music Examination last week.

While going downstairs recently at the Hôtel de Rome, Berlin, Pauline Luca slipped and fell. Although much bruised, she happily sustained no serious injury.

After M. Salvayre's *Egmont*, and a new opera by Massenet, another work, *Le Roi Arthur*, by Saint-Saëns, will be produced at the Grand Operahouse, Paris.

Professor Carl Klindworth, having resigned his place as one of the masters in Kullak's New Academy of Music, Berlin, is about to open a similar establishment of his own.

The papers of Valencia (Spain) speak in high terms of a young *prima donna*, Signorina Aymeri, who has appeared there in *Faust*, *La Forza del Destino*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*.

A plaster model, by Paul Dubois, for a bust of Bizet, has been placed in the saloon of the Paris Opéra-Comique. Both as a work of art and as a likeness it is pronounced good.

During the performance of *Semiramide* lately at the Teatro Real, Madrid, Theodorini severely sprained her foot, but has now completely recovered from the effect of the accident.

Arma Senkrah, a fair young violinist, who has been attracting much attention lately, having just concluded a concert-tour in Norway and Sweden, will shortly make one in Germany.

Sir Julius Benedict, Mr James Higgs, Mus. Bac., Dr. Henry Hiles, Dr H. Keeton, Dr Hubert Parry, Mr Kendrick Pyne, and Mr Armand Semple, B.A., M.B., have been appointed to undertake the half-yearly examinations at Trinity College, London, which commence next Monday.

Mr Toole has been honoured with a command from the Prince and Princess of Wales to perform, with his company, before their Royal Highnesses at Sandringham, on Tuesday evening next. The production of the new comedy, *A Mint of Money*, at Toole's Theatre, has been postponed until Thursday, the 10th inst.

**DUTCH ART.**—The newspapers announce that an important gallery of pictures belonging to Count Festetics, of Szelistye, in Hungary, will be sold at Amsterdam on the 22nd and 23rd inst. Among the gems of the collection are works by the greatest Dutch masters—Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Cuyp, Wouwermans, and others.

C. Oberthür's orchestral Prelude to Kösting's drama, *Shakspeare*, and the same author's Overture to *Macbeth*, have been performed, under Capellmeister Alex. Eichhorn, at Coburg, in presence of His Royal Highness the Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, and met with so much success that both works had to be repeated at the following concert.

Mr Henry Irving made a very successful appearance at Boston on Dec. 10 in *Louis XI.*, before a large audience, which included the leading citizens. The chief Boston newspapers publish long criticisms upon the performance, describing the warm and enthusiastic reception of the great actor, and the profound impression made by him. Mr Irving has won high esteem among the highly-cultivated Bostonians.

Mr Henry Holmes' setting of George Eliot's poem, "O may I join the choir invisible," specially composed for the New Year's Eve service of the Positive Society, was given at Newton Hall, Fetter Lane, with Mr Herbert Thorndike (baritone solo), chorus, double string quartet, and double bass, on Monday night. The instrumentalists were Messrs Burnett, Crimson, Gibson, G. Howell, Carl Jung, Ellis Roberts, W. M. Hill, C. Ould, and J. Reynolds. Mr Henry Holmes conducted.

**A NEW VIEW OF TENNYSON.**—“Mamma,” said a fashionable New York Young lady to her mother, “the papers are making a great fuss over a Mr Tennyson, of England.” “Yes,” responded the mother, “he has been raised to the dear, delightful peerage.” “He has been made a baron, I see,” said the daughter. “Yes, and his wife will be a baroness, I suppose,” reflected the old lady. “How exquisitely beautiful it must be to be a baroness.” “What has he been a-doing of to be a baron?” asked the cultured young lady. “What has he been a-doing of?” repeated the mother, “Why he is the sole survivor of the noble six hundred who made the famous charge at Balaclava.”—*Philadelphia Call*.

**ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.**—The examinations at the close of the second term of the college took place on December 20th, 21st, and 22nd, at the college and in the west theatre of the Royal Albert Hall. The examinations were conducted by the director and professors of the college, according to a scheme approved by the Executive Committee of the Council at a recent meeting. The number of pupils examined was 128, namely, 50 scholars and 78 paying students. In examination these were divided as follows:—Singing, first study, 29; second study, 25; pianoforte, first study, 52; second study, 60; violin, first study, 17; second study, 15; viola, second study, 6; 'cello, first study, 3; second study, 1; double bass, second study, 1; organ, first study, 12; second study, 17; clarinet, first study, 1; oboe, second study, 1; flute, first study, 1; horn, first study, 1; second study, 1; harp, first study, 1; harmony, first study, 114; counterpoint, first study, 18; composition, first study, 9; second study, 1; ensemble playing, first study, 20; choral class, first study, 128; history, first study, 128; Italian, first study, 37; declamation, first study, 31. The result of the examinations, after so short a period of instruction, was deemed satisfactory by the examiners. The college will re-open for the third and last term of the first year on Monday, Jan. 14th.

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